

SOCIETY CHRONICLES

THE TIMES' DAILY
SERIAL STORY

SANDMAN STORIES

Mr. and Mrs. Hemmick
Return to Washington

Mr. and Mrs. Christian D. Hemmick have returned to Washington from Bar Harbor and are established at Studio House, on Sheridan Circle, for the early season. They are contemplating a trip to California, in January.

At the marriage of Miss Catherine Cameron and Judah H. Sears, which will take place October 24, the officiating clergyman will be the Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks, of New York, assisted by the Rev. E. A. Dodd.

Zena Sears, Jr., of Boston, will be the bride's best man and the bride's only attendant will be her small niece, Miss Mary Cameron.

The ceremony is to take place at Clifton Berkeley, Rosebank, Staten Island, the country place of the bride's father, the late Sir Roderick Cameron.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Lewis, of Cincinnati, who are now at the Virginia Hot Springs for the autumn, have taken an apartment at the Highlands for the winter. Miss Alice Lewis, their young daughter, will be one of the season's debutantes. She has already been presented at the Hot Springs.

The marriage of Miss Mary Dalton, daughter of Mrs. M. L. Dalton, to Dr. William Hamilton, took place this morning at All Saints' Church, Chevy Chase. Canon Austin officiating. Chevy Chase, Canon Austin officiating. Chevy Chase, Canon Austin officiating.

This afternoon there will be a reception from 4:30 to 6 o'clock at the home of the bride's mother, on Patterson street, Chevy Chase.

The bride will wear a handsome gown of white tulle and lace, with a tulle veil held in place with orange blossoms, and carry a shower of orchids and lilies of the valley.

Mrs. D. A. Braunstein, sister of the bride, and the matron of honor, will wear black and white chiffon and carry pink roses.

After December 1 Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton will be at home at 3110 Patterson street, Chevy Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Connell, of 1725 Q street, are visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Isherwood, at Buchanan, Va.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Lurton have taken the house at 1725 M street, occupied last year by Brig. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. A., and Mrs. Edwards, and are already established there.

Mrs. Reynolds, wife of the American minister to Guatemala, and her children have arrived in Washington and opened the Hitt residence on Dupont circle.

Mrs. W. R. Hitt and William Hitt, who are now abroad, are expected to join her shortly.

Mrs. Magruder and Miss Natalie Magruder will return to Washington the last of October from Wolcott, their place at Essex, on Lake Champlain, N. Y.

Mrs. Elias W. Terry, widow of the late Rear Admiral Terry, U. S. N., has returned to this country from an extended visit to her son-in-law and daughter, Lieut. Filippo Camperio, royal Italian navy, and Mme. Camperio, at their home in Italy.

Maj. Gen. George L. Gillespie, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Gillespie have returned from a tour of the continent and are spending a few days in New York before coming to Washington for the winter.

A. C. Horstmann, third secretary of the German embassy, will leave Washington in a few days for his new post as first secretary of the German legation at Lisbon.

Major von Herwarth, military attaché of the German embassy, is spending a week or two at the Virginia Hot Springs.

Mrs. John Jay White and Miss Sophie Siebert have arrived at Bretton Woods for a brief stay, making the trip by automobile.

A distinct adjunct to fashionable resident circles of society this winter will be the family of the late Bishop of Philadelphia and former rector of St. John's Church on Lafayette square, his widow, Mrs. Alexander Mackay-Smith, and her two daughters, Miss Virginia Mackay-Smith and Miss Gladys Mackay-Smith.

They have just closed their summer home at Northeast Harbor, Me., and will occupy this winter the family residence on Sixteenth street, which was so prominently identified with the social life of the Capital during their former residence here.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Beekman Winthrop, who have been at Lenox for several weeks, are spending a few days in New York, en route to Washington. They will arrive here Tuesday evening.

The Military Attaché of the French Embassy and Countess de Chambrun are expected to return to Washington early next week from France, where they have been spending the summer. They are due to arrive in New York today.

Capt. Heathcote Grant, naval attaché of the British embassy, has returned to Washington, and is at the Grafton, awaiting the return of Mrs. Grant from England. Upon her return they will take possession of their Washington residence soon after their arrival last summer.

After selecting the house, Mrs. Grant returned to England for their children, and Captain Grant joined the embassy staff at the summer quarters in Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Clark, of Mobile, Ala., are in Washington as guests at the Hotel Grafton.

LOCAL MENTION.

So Show, 30—Virginia Theater. Today's great feature, "Who Was Guilty?" drama.

A WHITE STREAK OF DISASTER

By EDGAR FRANKLIN

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CHAPTER XX (Continued).

WITH remarkable agility Burleigh and Grafton were between the two sides regarded each other.

"Well," said Burleigh, coolly. "There ain't no objection to our passing."

"Isn't there? I'm afraid that there is, though. I shall have to ask both of you to remain at this end of the corridor, please."

"For what?" inquired the less prepossessing of the pair.

"Because we wish to drop in on Mr. Brady and his friends without being announced. Here, don't try yelling."

Burleigh's hand shot up and covered the other's mouth. The man dodged back and raised his fist—and lowered it again.

"Say, who are you?" he asked. "Just a friend."

"O' Jim Brady's?"

"Certainly."

"Ah, so on! That's con!" interposed the other.

"But—"

"Jim said nobody went in, no matter who it was."

"And that is where Jim was mistaken," Burleigh observed pleasantly. "Are you going to be quiet about it or not?"

A quick glance shot between the two. Burleigh observed it, and chuckled inwardly. They were estimating the force against them, and hesitating; and it became almost certain that they were not armed, for had they been, the weapons would have appeared before now.

"You can't go in there," said the first. "Oh, we've settled that part, you know. The question is whether or not you mean to try any interference?"

"You can't go in there—that's all, Mr. Brady's busy."

"I have no doubt of that."

Still neither of the men moved. Burleigh was satisfied. He turned his back abruptly and walked down toward Brady's door.

"Come along, gentlemen; there is nothing to prevent our walking in. I think as for you—stay where you are."

At the moment they seemed likely to obey.

Half a dozen yards were between the groups, and still Brady's henchmen had not moved.

"Good Lord!" whispered Grafton. "They're not going to take it as calmly as that, are they?"

"Give it up—shouldn't wonder!" chuckled the detective. "They're not the sort for just this kind of business. They know that we are two to one, and they don't like to risk it. They are not provided with guns or they would have appeared at the very first."

"But—"

"But we're not inside yet," responded Burleigh, uttersing gently along. "No, that's very true; and we may have a bit of trouble with those chaps within a few seconds even now. This crowd of heeleders are afraid of Brady, and they don't know that his influence is going to die tonight. When they see us go in—"

"Look out!"

"It was Jennison's voice. Burleigh and Grafton wheeled around with startled eyes.

Working with a skill that bespoke long practice, the pair had hurried the detective's assistant to the floor, where he lay stunned.

Jennison was now in their grip.

"By George! That was quick!" gasped Burleigh. "Come on, sir!"

He plunged forward and clenched his fists. One of the men held Jennison.

The other stepped out quickly and his fist sped toward Burleigh's face. But the detective was even quicker. His head went down, and his hand knuckles came up with a force and an aim that

sent his assailant reeling across the hall.

The other sent Jennison sprawling and leaped for Grafton. The millionaire stepped back in the nick of time and missed a blow in turn. The gazed man on the floor was stirring again now, and the first of Brady's guards was re-

turning unsteadily to the conflict. Burleigh waited, and Grafton leaped to his side.

Jennison, too, regained his feet, and ran toward the group, and his fist found a place on the head of the man who had thrown him. The other closed in, too, and the fight was on.

And it was a battle! Fists seemed to be everywhere, the soft thudding of heavy blows grew almost continuous.

Burleigh picked his man and felled him, and managed to detach him from Grafton's assistance, the millionaire and Jennison were both suffering from severe pounding at the other man's hands.

And Burleigh's man was back again! He came in furiously now, and the detective ducked to meet the onslaught.

Jennison had the other about the neck, and, despite a rain of blows, was bearing him down. Grafton wavered between the two and was turning to Burleigh's aid when—

"Here! What the devil's this? Hey, there! Cut that out, boys!"

Burleigh sent his man staggering once more, and turned toward the sound with a rush. The other followed.

For the voice was that of Big Jim Brady, and the politician stood in the doorway of his office.

His face was more than startled. At the sight of the men before him he turned white and grasped the casing of the door.

But in the minute of his confusion Grafton and Burleigh had pushed by. They were within the office!

"Good evening, Brady!" panted the former as he rearranged his collar.

CHAPTER XXI.

By a Narrow Margin.

BRADY'S face was a study. For a moment he stared from Burleigh and Grafton to the hallway without, where stood the other

detective and Jennison, and farther down his own two ruffians.

The chief clerk appeared to absorb more of his attention than the rest. A black scowl gathered upon his face as he regarded the man, and his lips worked slightly.

"You here, too, Jennison?"

"I'm here."

"Where'd you go?"

"To Chicago."

"What?"

"Yes, and I took the police to the dive where Mr. Grafton was locked up, too!"

Brady's fury rose; his lips rolled back and his teeth showed.

"You heard me tell a lie!" he screamed. "You miserable cur! Say, I'll give you—"

He dashed from the doorway toward Jennison, who stood waiting the onslaught with squared shoulders.

But Burleigh was in between, and his revolver appeared under Brady's nose. "There, there, Jim, you just get back! I don't want to bring the police in here with any shooting, or I'd have given your two friends a taste just now—but you can't get at Jennison, and that settles it."

The politician fell back slowly.

"Now, into your office," continued the detective. "Just walk right in there beside Mr. Grafton."

The glint in the detective's eye, somewhere behind the convincing pistol, enforced his command. Brady turned sullenly and walked back into his office, and the detective came close after.

Grafton, recalling his own weapon at the sight of the detective's, was covering the pair beside the table in the in-

ner office—Colson and a smooth-shaven individual.

Burleigh nodded approvingly.

"That's right, Mr. Grafton, keep 'em there and don't let 'em take anything from the table. Now, Brady, just close that door."

He accompanied the other, pistol in hand, and at the entrance he called:

"Jennison, you stay out there with my mah and watch the other two, will you?"

The door slammed, and the detective smiled.

"Right into your private office, Brady. You don't mind our using it for a quiet little talk, do you?"

"Mind! I'll show you whether I mind or not! I'll—"

"Well, it doesn't matter much, anyway," smiled Burleigh. "In there, Jim, and no monkey business about it."

Once more the politician obeyed. The detective and Grafton followed close upon his heels and surveyed the scene with much interest.

And it was a sight to absorb one. In the center of the room stood a flat table, strewn with papers and documents and bits of tracing paper, with inkstands and pens of various sorts.

Work had evidently been upon the very point of beginning.

"Well, Mr. Grafton, is your property there?" asked Burleigh.

The millionaire stepped toward the table, but Brady's big body came before him in spite of the pistol in Burleigh's hand.

"That'll do you, Grafton—you get back!"

"I want to inspect the papers there, Brady."

"Maybe you do, but you ain't goin' to."

"Oh, I think he will," the detective interposed.

"Then you got another think comin'!"

"See here, you idiot—" Grafton began.

"Now, that won't do no good!" Back up there, I tell you! This here is my office—see? You ain't got any right in it, in the first place, but when it comes to pokin' over me private papers—"

"And mine."

"There ain't none of your'n here. Just keep your hands off!"

"Brady, that's a poor bluff," said Grafton angrily. "You know what is there and you know why we are here. What on earth is the use of—"

Burleigh interrupted suddenly.

"There is a good deal of use, Mr. Grafton," he said tartly. "This smooth-faced person—Mr. Carvel, I fancy—has pocketed no less than seven documents in the past 30 seconds."

Brady turned almost involuntarily. Carvel's jaw dropped, and Burleigh laughed.

"It was neat in a way," he said; "but it wasn't done deftly enough. Put them back, Carvel."

The former looked from one to the other of his confederates for a possible cue. Brady's furious scowl was still all right, but Colson seemed to have comprehended the situation perfectly.

A Confession of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Legitimate Question.

Father: "No, indeed! My father never heard me tell a lie!"

Willie: "Was grandpa as deaf as grandma?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For The Times' Children
Just Before It's Bedtime

THE TIN SWORD.

ONCE upon a time two swords hung on the wall of a real soldier's room. One was a large sword and had been in a real war. The other was a little tin sword which the real soldier had played with when he was a little boy.

When he hung the big sword on the wall after he came home from the war he said, "You are much larger than this little fellow beside you, but you have never killed Indians, and he has."

Although he laughed when he said it, the little tin sword felt itself of great importance, and it did not mind in the least the size of the big sword which was many times as large as it was.

That night, when the house was still and dark, and the only light in the room was from the dying embers on the hearth the little sword said to the big sword, "Is it true that you never killed an Indian?"

"I have never killed anyone," answered the big sword with dignity.

"What is the use of being a sword?" asked the little one, "if you never have killed anyone. Why I have killed so many Indians that I cannot remember how many." And the little sword began to swell with pride and importance and looked at the big sword with pity and patronizing glances.

"I have been in battles, too," continued the little sword, "and cut down the enemy and once a dog was a bear and I killed him, too."

"How could a dog be a bear?" asked the big sword, taking notice of the little sword for the first time when it was not asked a direct question.

"Because the little boy said it was," replied the little sword. "And once a tiger was a tiger, and we went tiger hunting, too."

"How about the Indians," asked the big sword, "were they real or play Indians?"

"Real, of course," answered the little sword, "everything was real that we did. The Indians wore long trousers with feathers in the side of the leg and a band of long feathers sticking up around their heads. You should have heard them shout and give the war cry."

"Was there any blood shed?" asked the big sword, beginning to understand what the little sword was talking about better than it did itself.

"What is that?" asked the little sword.

"If you had ever been in real battle you would not ask," replied the big sword.

"But you have never killed anyone and I have," said the little sword; "I do not see why you should say I have never been in a real battle when you have never done anything worth telling of yourself."

"There is a great deal to be done in a battle besides killing," replied the big sword. "I led the men who did the fighting and directed them. The general held me high above his head, so that all the soldiers who were following would know where to go and what to do, and I saw the enemy falling all around me. But I do not like to talk about those things. Everything peaceful now, and I am glad there is no red mark upon my shining blade."

"I guess if you had done such deeds as I have," said the little tin sword, "still sure that he was the hero, 'you would want to tell about them.'"

"My dear little tin sword," said the big sword, "you do not seem to understand that you are not a real sword at all, but just a toy sword. The Indians you killed were, little boys dressed in Indian costumes and played at being killed."

"Your battles were all make-believe, and the little boy who carried you has grown up and is a real soldier now. But don't you mind," said the big sword, as the tin sword began to rattle uneasily on the wall, "you were the first sword he carried and you were the one that taught him to honor his country, so you have a great deal for which to be thankful."

"We will divide honors. You were the first and I hope I am the last sword he will ever be called upon to carry for his country."

The little tin sword grew quiet and the last ember on the hearth grew black. The room was dark, all was still and the little tin sword was asleep.

Wickersham Awaits

Outcome of Oil Fight

Further developments in the pending Standard Oil-Waters-Pierce litigation will be awaited by Attorney General Wickersham before he acts on the charges that the Standard Oil interests have violated the decree dissolving the trust.

The Attorney General believes the legal battle between these rivals will bring out the actual situation in the oil industry better than Government litigation would do.

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VICTORIA 14th and Clifton Sts.	4, 5, and 6 rooms.	\$25.00 to \$45.00.	A. O. Bliss Properties, 35 B St. N. W.	Fine location. All conveniences. 14th st. car line.
RAYMOND 814 22d St. N. W.	5 rooms.	\$22.50 to \$27.50.	A. O. Bliss Properties, 35 B St. N. W.	Convenient to business. Janitor service. Two car lines.
ASTORIA 2nd and G Sts. N. W.	1 and 2 rooms.	\$12.00 to \$25.00.	A. O. Bliss Properties, 35 B St. N. W.	In the heart of business section. Janitor service. G st. car line.
DORCHESTER 12th and Md. Ave. S. W.	1 to 4 rooms.	\$9.00 to \$17.00.	A. O. Bliss Properties, 35 B St. N. W.	11th and 14th st. car lines.
BLENHHEIM COURT 1540-1542 California St. N. W.	3 and 4 rooms.	\$27.50 to \$37.50.	A. O. Bliss Properties, 35 B St. N. W.	Near Conn. ave. car line. Fine location. Janitor.
THE ALZARADO 70 Rhode Island Ave. N. W.	6 rooms, rec. hall and bath.	\$30.00 to \$32.50.	Thos. H. Melton, Eleventh and H sts.	Every room front; heat and hot water; electric lights; telephone and telegraph service from building; janitor. Apartments open for inspection.

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